



ATLAS COMICS

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE

CAA  
AUTHORITY

NO. 2  
MAY  
43380

25c

TM

K

# The SCORPION



EVEN **BULLETS**  
CAN'T STOP THESE  
**CREATURES!**

HOW WILL  
I SAVE  
RUBY?

**HOW?**

ERN  
COLK



# SIRIANIS.

ACTORS COME HERE TO BRAG ABOUT THEIR LATEST ARTISTIC LANDMARKS...

...WHILE THEIR AGENTS TRY NOT TO LOOK BORED.

BUT IN THE MIDST OF THIS SUPERFICIAL DIN, WE FIND ONE COUPLE NOT ENGAGED IN THEATRICAL CONVERSATION...

JULES REINHARDT-- THE CHICAGO FINANCIER?

RIGHT. FIVE DAYS AGO, AFTER A MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL, REINHARDT RAN OFF! ACCORDING TO MRS. REINHARDT, HE WAS SCARED SILLY...

...MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT BLACK MAGIC AND VOO DOO. INTERESTED?

NOT REALLY.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS FELLOW, HE'S GOT A REPUTATION FOR ECCENTRICITY. PROBABLY STAGED THE WHOLE THING HIMSELF!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. FROST. THERE'S A MRS. REINHARDT ON THE PHONE FOR YOU.

MOMENTS LATER...

...FRANKLY, MRS. REINHARDT, I DON'T THINK THIS COMMISSION IS QUITE MY CUP OF--

NO, I'M SURE IT'S NOT JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT! BUT THE POLICE ARE FAR BETTER EQUIP--

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!

CATASTROPHIC!

DANGER! AND IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, THE DEBONAIR DEMEANOR OF MORO FROST HAS VANISHED...

...REPLACED BY THE DYNAMIC PRESENCE OF A MAN CALLED...



# THE SCORPION

...READY TO FACE A MOST UNUSUAL MENACE IN THIS CHIC NIGHTSPOT!

LIKE SOME SILENT DEMON OF CHAOS, THE LION CHARGES...

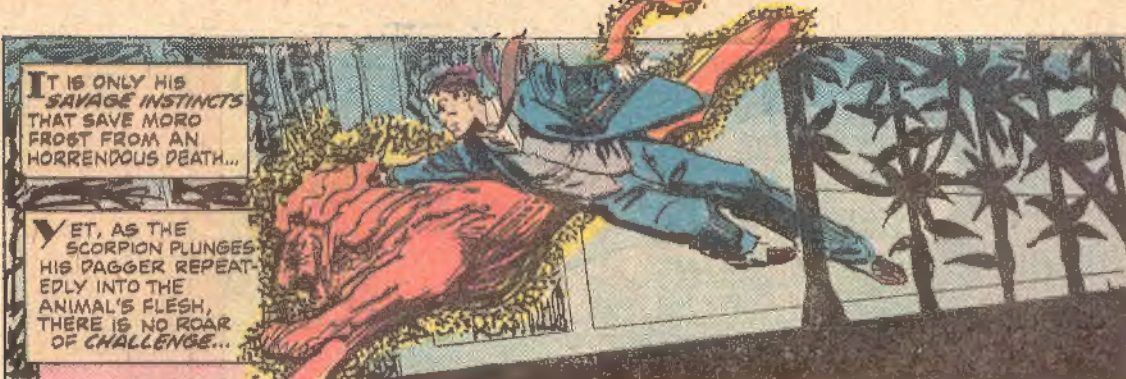
...AS A SLIM BLADE, SPRUNG FROM A WRIST SHEATH, APPEARS IN THE SCORPION'S HAND!

THUS, AGAINST HIS WILL, MORO FROST IS THRUST INTO A NIGHTMARE OF VIOLENCE AND DEATH, KNOWN IN HIS PRIVATE FILES AS...

## THE DEVIL DOLL COMMISSION


By  
**HOWARD CHAYKIN...**  
WITH A GREAT DEAL OF HELP  
FROM  
ANNETTE KAWECKI,  
BERNI WRIGHTSON,  
MICHAEL KALUTA,  
WALTER SIMONSON,  
& ED DAVIS.






IT IS ONLY HIS SAVAGE INSTINCTS THAT SAVE MORO FROM AN HORRENDOUS DEATH...

YET, AS THE SCORPION PLUNGES HIS DAGGER REPEATEDLY INTO THE ANIMAL'S FLESH, THERE IS NO ROAR OF CHALLENGE...




...UNTIL A VITAL SPOT IS HIT!




THEN, AN ALL TOO HUMAN SCREAM IS RIPPED FROM THE BEAST'S SLAVERING JAWS.

...ONLY THE SAVAGE FLAILING OF MIGHTY CLAWS...




AND THROUGH SOME UNEARTHLY FORCE, THE LION'S PRONE FORM BEGINS TO SHIFT...TO CHANGE...



...UNTIL THE TWITCHING CARCASS AT THE SCORPION'S FEET HAS BECOME... A MAN.

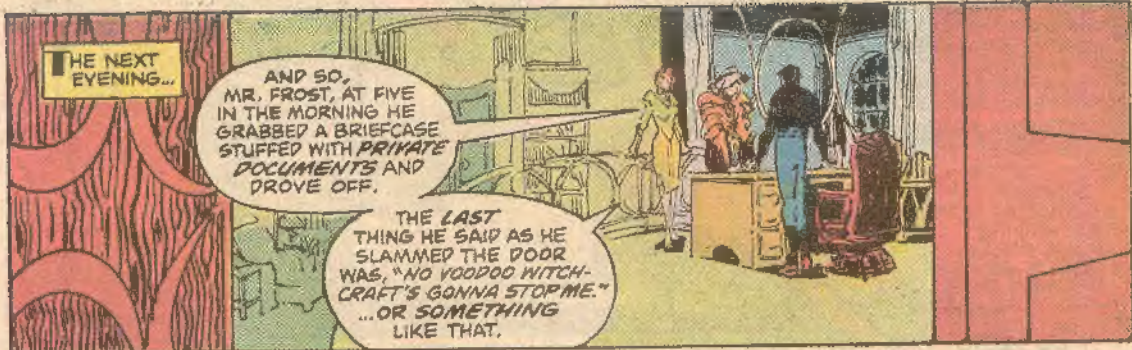


MORO-- WHAT?



MRS. REINHARDT... ARE YOU STILL THERE? BE AT MY HOME AROUND FIVE O'CLOCK TOMORROW AFTERNOON. THAT'S RIGHT. GOODNIGHT.





THE NEXT EVENING...

AND SO, MR. FROST, AT FIVE IN THE MORNING HE GRABBED A BRIEFCASE STUFFED WITH PRIVATE DOCUMENTS AND DROVE OFF.

THE LAST THING HE SAID AS HE SLAMMED THE DOOR WAS, "NO VOODOO WITCH-CRAFT'S GONNA STOP ME." ...OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



I SEE. NOW, ABOUT THIS PHONE CALL...

YOU SAY YOU OVER-HEARD SOME OF IT. WHAT WAS SAID?

NOTHING I CAN REMEMBER, EXCEPT--



HE MENTIONED MAX CERVANTES. HE'S A GANGSTER, ISN'T HE?

HE WAS A GANGSTER! CERVANTES DIED IN A PLANE WRECK EIGHT YEARS AGO.



PERHAPS SOME-ONE IS POSING AS CERVANTES.

IN ANY EVENT, MRS. REINHARDT, I'LL LOOK INTO IT.

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. FROST!



AFTER THE WOMAN HAS GONE...

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP!

RUBY--I WANT A COMPLETE RUNDOWN ON JULES REINHARDT.

FINANCES, FAMILY HISTORY--EVERYTHING.



IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL TAKE TO THE STREETS--TALK TO CERVANTES' OLD GANG MEMBERS--



NIGHTFALL...

THE CITY, SO BRIGHT  
DURING THE DAY, NOW  
TAKES ON A LOOK OF  
THREATENING SHADOWS...

...AS THE CREATURES  
OF EVENING TAKE TO  
DESERTED CITY STREETS.

THROUGH THIS  
CRAZY GUILT  
OF LIGHT AND  
DARK STALKS  
THE SCORPION.

FROM UNDERWORLD  
DIVES TO THE PARK  
AVENUE HAUNTS OF  
CRIME BARONS, THE  
SCORPION FOLLOWS  
A TRAIL THAT POINTS  
TO ONE NAGGING  
CONCLUSION...

...THAT MAX CERVANTES IS ALIVE!

AND AFTER  
HOURS OF  
DETECTIVE  
WORK, THE  
SCORPION  
FINDS HIS  
JOURNEY'S END  
AT THE SKYLINE  
ROOM.

A SPEAKEASY...  
A RELIC OF  
PROHIBITION.

A PLACE THAT WAS  
ONCE OWNED BY  
MAX CERVANTES.



OUTSIDE, THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH WINTER'S CHILL! BUT WITHIN THE SKYLINE ROOM, THE ATMOSPHERE'S WARM...

...WARM AND DENSE WITH THE HEAVY SMELL OF HASHISH AND OPIUM, AS NEW YORK'S BORED RICH INDULGE THEMSELVES IN THE LATEST DECADENCE!

KEEP 'EM HAPPY, VINCE. IF ANYONE WANTS ME, I'LL BE IN THE OFFICE

OKAY, LIMEY!

WELL-- YOU'VE GONE FROM BAD LIQUOR TO BAD DOPE, EH LIMEY?

THE SCORPION!

HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM, WHELAN.

HEY-- I'M CLEAN! I SWEAR IT!

CLIK

YOU DON'T CONCERN ME, LIMEY. WHAT I WANT IS CERVANTES. NOW!

YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN'! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT MAX DIED IN 1930.

I'M SORRY, LIMEY, BUT MY INVESTIGATIONS HAVE PROVEN OTHERWISE! NOW-- ARE YOU GONNA TALK?

HE'S BEHIND THAT PANEL. BUT IT'S LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!





BEHIND A FALSE WALL, THE SCENT OF LILACS BARELY HIDES THE STENCH OF DEATH.

MAX! HE'S CROAKED!

THAT'S WHAT MAX HAS CALLED HIMSELF SINCE 1930. HE FAKED THE CRASH--



BUT THIS MAN IS JULES REINHARDT!

--A DOC IN CHICAGO CHANGED HIS FACE--

--AND HE RAN OUT ON HIS SILENT PARTNER IN BOOT-LEGGING, BUDDY LYLE.



THE BAND-LEADER?

YEAH, BUT SOMEHOW, LYLE CAUGHT ON AND MADE SOME NOISE--



--SO MAX GRABBED HIS BANKBOOKS AND HID OUT HERE.



AND NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HE'S HAD A HEART ATTACK. WELL WELL.



I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE.

WHAT ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN? THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM.



ANYWAY, NOBODY COULD GET BY ME.

WELL-- SOMEBODY DID.



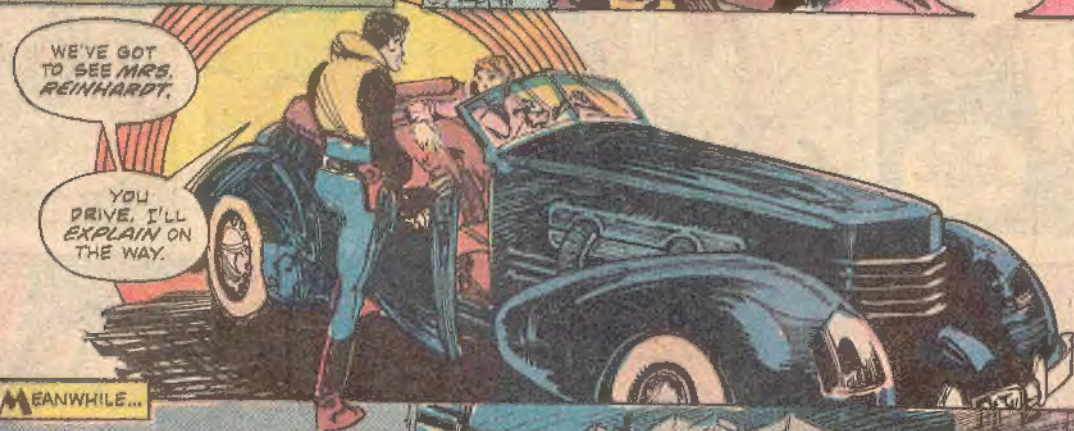
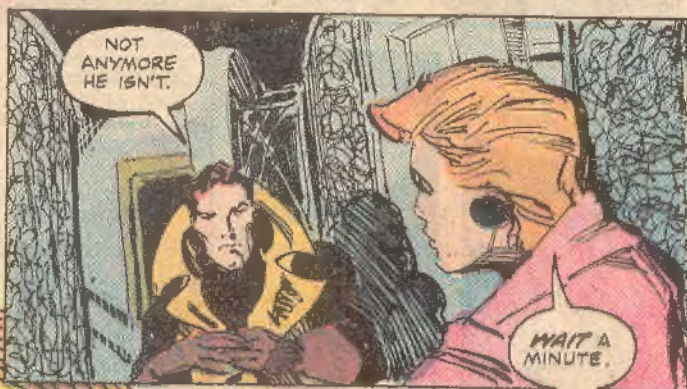
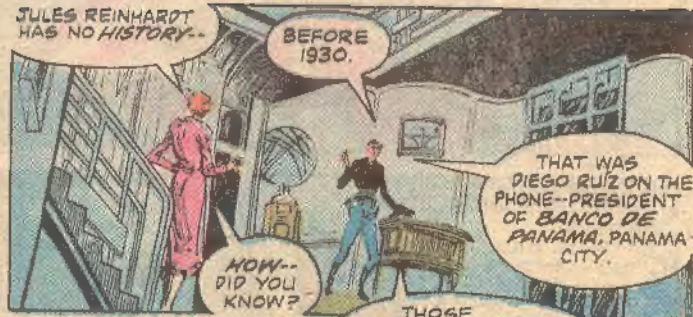
THIS MAN'S BEEN MURDERED.



**S**HORTLY THEREAFTER, IN THE SCORPION'S BROWNSTONE...



JULES REINHARDT HAS NO HISTORY--

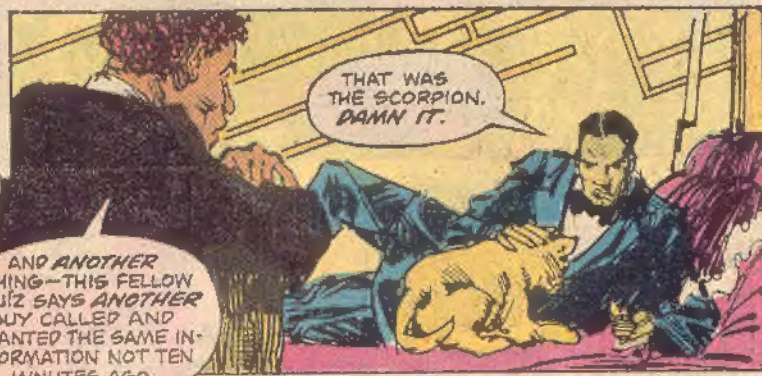


**MEANWHILE...**

THE REPEAL OF PROHIBITION WIPED OUT MANY A FORTUNE, AND NONE WERE HARDER HIT THAN THOSE WHO OWNED THE FASHIONABLE CABARETS OF HARLEM...



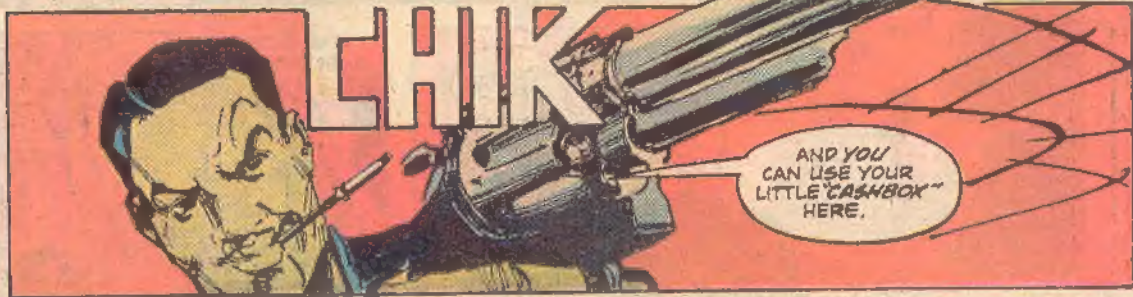




WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. WITH HIM IN THE PICTURE, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SNATCH THE WIFE.

HELL--EVEN DEAD, MAX IS A PAIN.

COME CAESAR.





YOU SEE, MRS. REINHARDT, THE PANAMANIAN BANK'S HAVE A SYSTEM SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE SWISS--

--AND YOUR LATE HUSBAND WROTE A SPECIAL CLAUSE FOR HIS FOREIGN ACCOUNT--

--WHEREBY FUNDS COULD BE WITHDRAWN ONLY ON YOUR SIGNATURE, WITNESSED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK

FOR THAT REASON, MRS. REINHARDT, YOUR LIFE IS NOW IN DANGER. CAN YOU USE A GUN?

WHY, YES.

FINE. TAKE THIS MISS BISHOP WILL REMAIN HERE--

I'VE GOT A JOB TO FINISH.

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE J.C. KEENE FUNERAL HOME WHERE MAX CERVANTES, ALIAS JULES REINHARDT, LIES IN REPOSE.

SHORTLY...

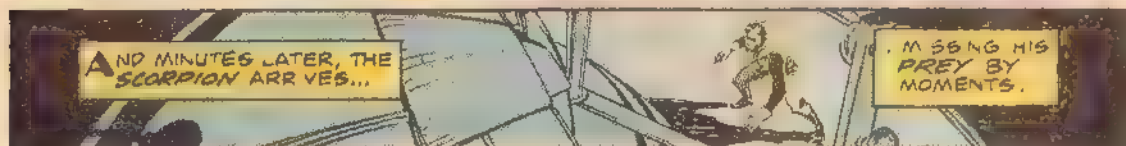
RING

I'LL TAKE IT, MRS. REINHARDT

HELLO WHAT?!

THE BODY-- DISAPPEARED!







WITH A CHOKING  
COUGH THE OLD  
WOMAN DIES...

**RUMBLE RUMBLE**

...AND THE SCORPION  
RETRACES HIS ROUTE.

...N INIMITABLE  
SCORPION FASHION...

MANHATTAN'S DOWNTOWN  
SKYPORT. LIKE THE  
FINANCIAL DISTRICT IT SERVES,  
BY DAY THE PLACE BUSTLES  
WITH LIFE--HANDLING SEA-  
PLANE TRAFFIC FROM BOSTON  
AND PHILADELPHIA--WHILE BY  
NIGHT IT'S SILENT AS A  
TOMB.

THIS NIGHT,  
HOWEVER,  
THE SILENCE  
IS BROKEN  
BY THE WHINE  
OF A WARMING  
ENGINE, AS...

HOW  
NICE OF YOU  
TO WALK  
RIGHT INTO  
OUR CLUTCHES,  
MRS.-REINHARDT,  
ISN'T IT?

MAX  
ALWAYS DID  
HAVE GREAT  
TASTE N  
WOMEN

ENOUGH!  
THIS HAS GONE  
ON FAR TOO  
LONG!

I AM NOT MRS. REINHARDT  
MY NAME IS BISHOP.  
I'VE BEEN STALLING--

PLANE'S  
READY,  
MR.  
LYLE

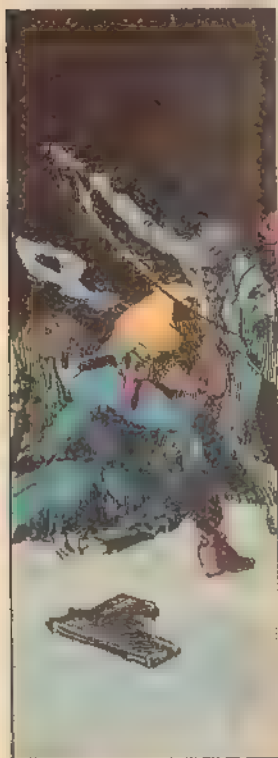
COME  
ALONG, MRS.  
REINHARDT.

TUT-TUT  
MY DEAR I  
BELIEVE YOU'RE  
STALLING  
NOW--

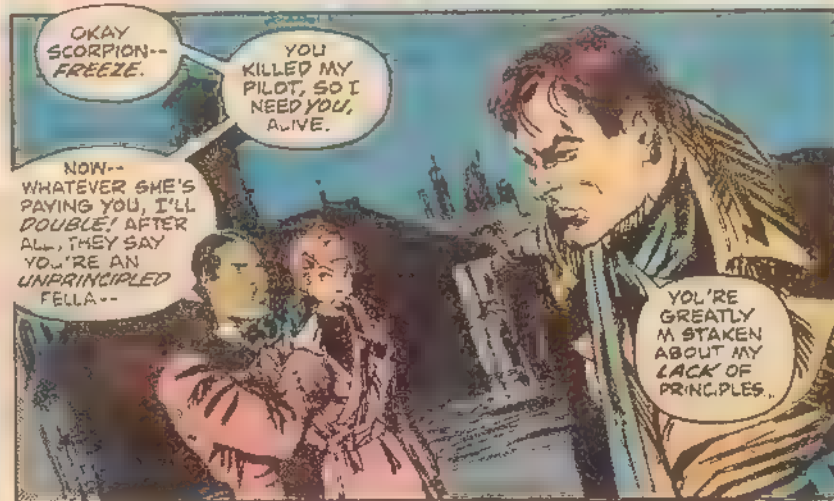
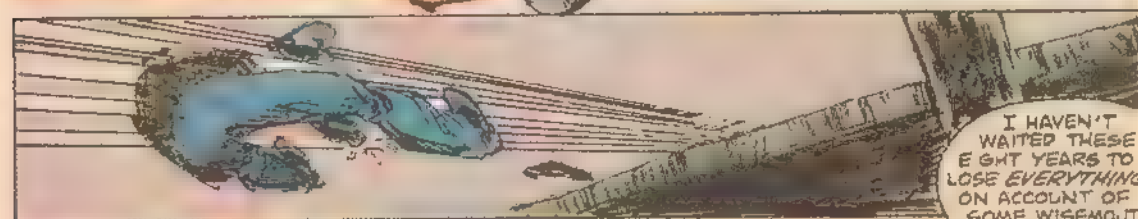
I TELL  
YOU I'M  
NOT--

EDDIE,  
BRING HER  
ABOA--

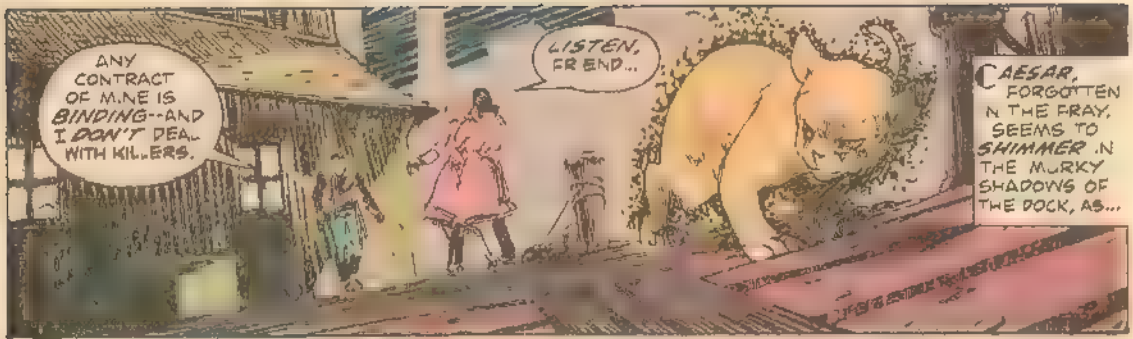












ANY  
CONTRACT  
OF MINE IS  
BINDING--AND  
I DON'T DEAL  
WITH KILLERS.

LISTEN,  
FRIEND...

CAESAR,  
FORGOTTEN  
IN THE FRAY,  
SEEMS TO  
SHIMMER IN  
THE MURKY  
SHADOWS OF  
THE DOCK, AS...



YOU'VE  
GOT NO CHOICE  
DO IT--OR I'LL  
BLOW HER HEAD  
OFF

OKAY  
OOCKAY



OWW!

I  
HAVE  
HAD

...JUST  
ABOUT..

.. ENOUGH!

Aooooo



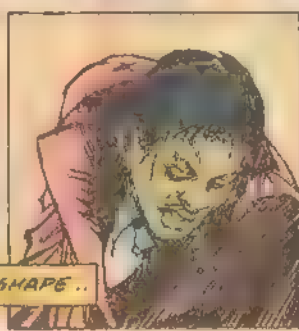
SUDDENLY, A SHIFT IN  
THE SHADOWS CATCHES  
THE SCORPION'S EYE...

OLD ROSIE'S  
INCENSE

A SHIFT ACCOMPANIED BY  
THE SMELL OF INCENSE.



AND THE SHET  
BECOMES A  
SHADOW.



, A SHAPE ..



.. A FORM...

OH  
GOD



CAESAR.

ROARRRR!!

NOOOOOO!!!

AN EVASIVE  
MOVEMENT  
COMES--

--TOO LATE

WELL, RIGHT  
AFTER YOU LEFT,  
THE FUNERAL  
PARLOR  
CALLED...

THEN...

IT ALL  
WORKED  
OUT, BUT--

WHY THE HELL  
DID YOU LEAVE  
MRS. REINHARDT?

THERE.  
THAT'LL  
HOLD.

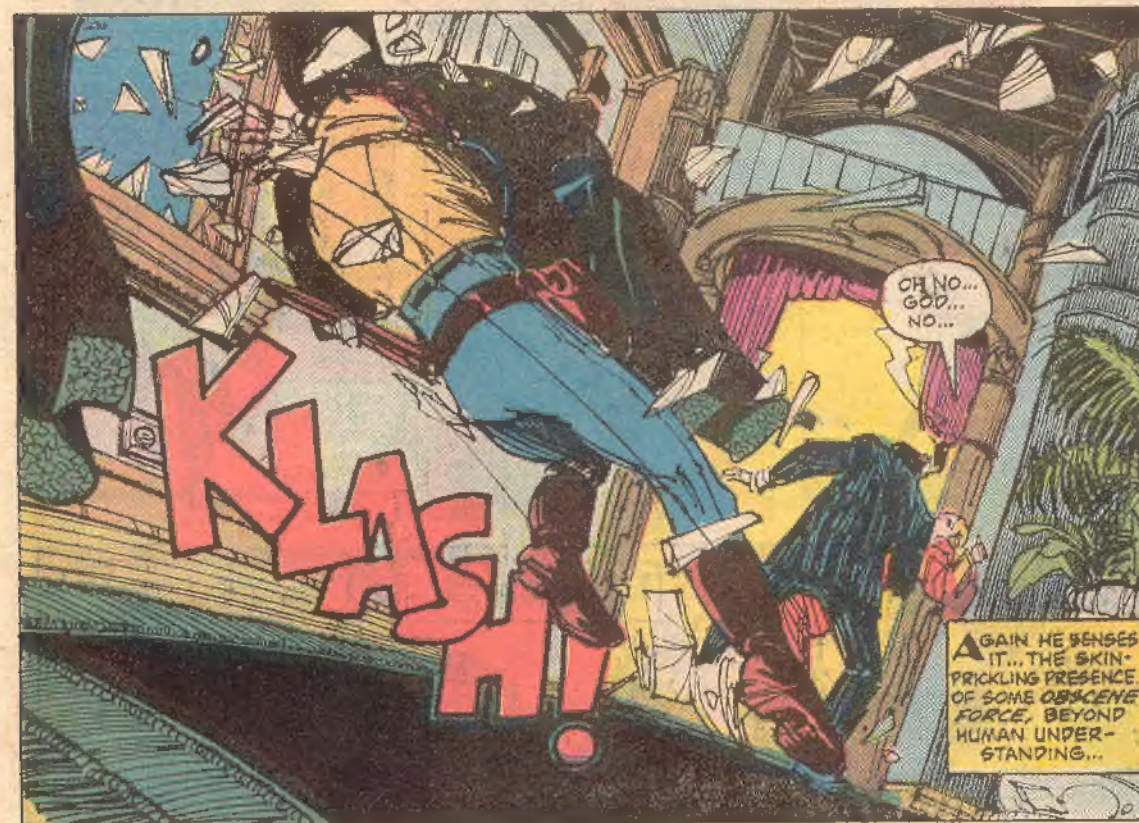
...TO SAY THAT  
REINHARDT'S  
BODY HAD  
VANISHED

I THOUGHT  
IT MIGHT  
HAVE SOME--

GOOD LORD! THE  
SECOND HEX!

HANDLE THE  
POLICE--I'LL  
EXPLAIN  
LATER!









HE IS  
PREPARED...

...YET STILL HE  
SHUDERS...

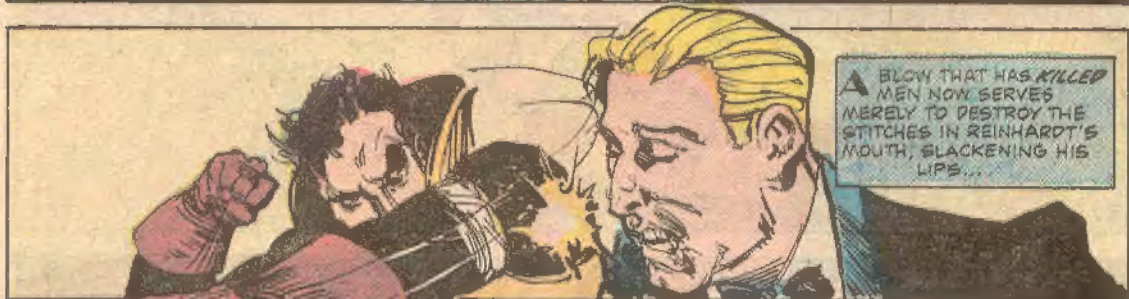


...AT A FACE APPARENTLY SEPARATE  
IN DREAMLESS SLEEP...

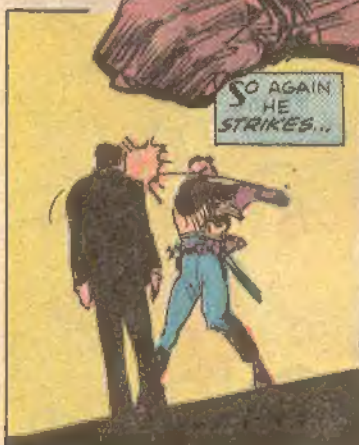
A FACE  
BEYOND  
WORLDLY  
CARING...

A FACE THAT  
IS A  
MASTERPIECE  
OF THE  
MORTICIAN'S  
ART...

...THE FACE  
OF JULES  
REINHARDT.



A BLOW THAT HAS KILLED  
MEN NOW SERVES  
MERELY TO DESTROY THE  
STITCHES IN REINHARDT'S  
MOUTH, BLACKENING HIS  
LIPS...



SO AGAIN  
HE  
STRIKES...



AND  
AGAIN...

...EACH TIME  
SUCCEEDING  
ONLY IN  
REMOVING  
MORE ROUGE  
AND PAINT.



UNTIL,  
ABSENTLY,  
THE DEAD  
MAN  
RESPONDS.

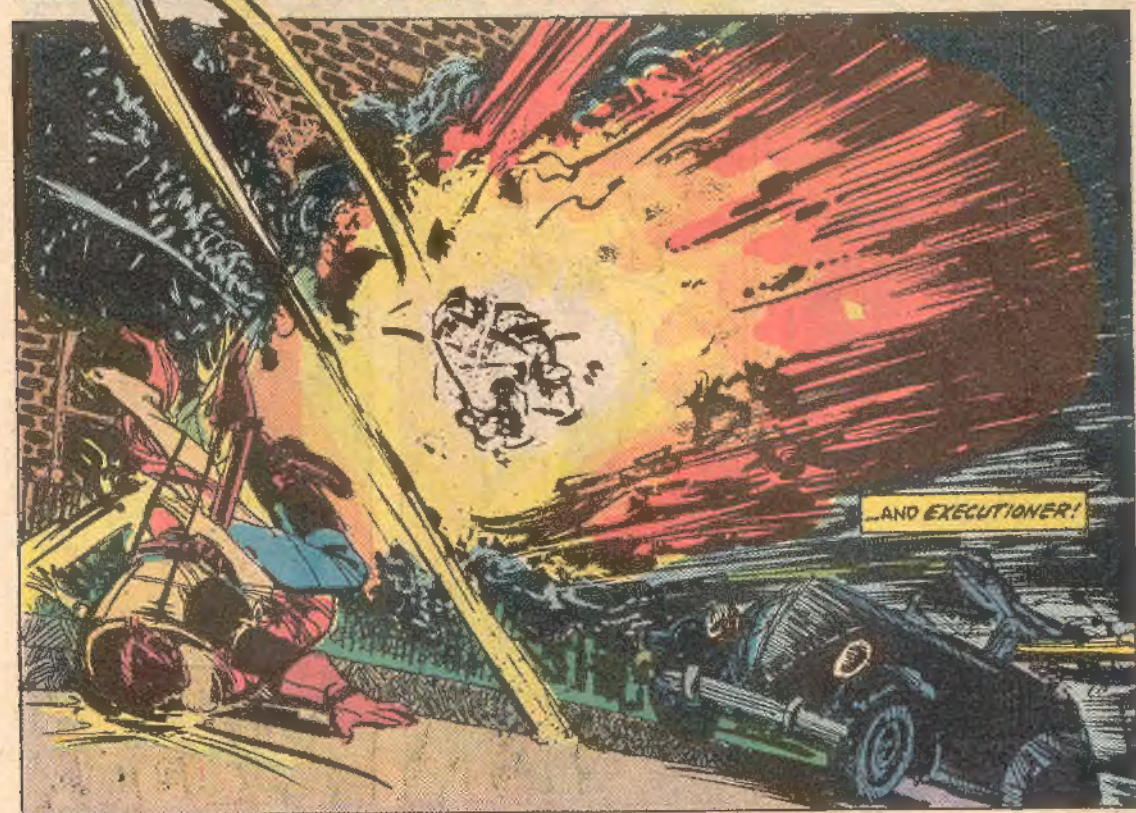


IT HAS BEEN A LONG  
NIGHT. A HARD NIGHT.

THE SCORPION, HIS BLACK  
EYES SMOLDERING,  
BREATHES DEEPLY...

...FOR AT THAT MOMENT, HE IS  
FILLED WITH COLD, BERSERK FURY...







EVERYBODY LOVES  
A DISASTER, AS  
LONG AS IT'S THE  
OTHER GUY'S  
PROBLEM...

ALL I  
CAN SAY  
IS--

AND WHEN THE  
OTHER GUY  
IS RICH, FAMOUS,  
OR INFAMOUS,  
THAT'S NEWS...

THUS...

MRS. REINHARDT  
HAS SUFFERED A  
TREMENDOUS  
SHOCK.

SHE HAS MY  
SYMPATHIES.



ARE YOU SYMPATHETIC ENOUGH  
TO WAIVE YOUR FEE?

ALTRUISM IS FOR ALBERT  
SCHWEITZER--

THE  
SCORPION  
IS NOT A  
CHARITABLE  
INSTITUTION.

GOOD NIGHT,  
GENTLEMEN.



END